

YOU NEED

THE COLONNADE

The Colonnade

THE COLONNADE

NEEDS YOU

Volume IV.

Georgia State College for Women, Milledgeville, Ga., December 15, 1928

Number 6

Beautiful Christmas Pageant Given by Y. W. C. A.

FIVE HUNDRED GIRLS VISIT LIBRARY DAILY

"Up to the time of the present flu epidemic," says Miss Gertrude Anderson, Librarian, "the average attendance to the G. S. C. W. Library numbered 500, or more, daily. Attendance has dropped since Thanksgiving to between 300 and 400. However, it is expected to rise again as soon as the girls now ill are able to work. Our past records suggest that that will happen."

Past records show also that the greatest attendance to the library comes in the afternoon on Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Monday is by far the most popular day, the thirty-two library assistants think.

An average of 75 to 100 books are checked out every night. These vary in type, or subject, according to the kind of note book required to be handed in at that particular time, or according to the reference work required.

NEW GYMNASIUM OPENED

The department of physical education of the Georgia State College for Women is keeping pace with the growing interest in health through exercise. An additional gymnasium has been provided in the rear of the new

KING OF KINGS WILL BE SHOWN TONIGHT IN AUDITORIUM

The students are fortunate in having an opportunity to see one of the most remarkable moving pictures ever produced, tonight in the auditorium.

The picture, King Of Kings, depicts the life of Christ in a vivid and dramatic way. It shows the last supper, the betrayal by Judas, the trial, the crucifixion, and the resurrection as well as other events in the life of the Christ.

TEA ROOM IS OPENED

Of interest to the entire campus was the recent opening of the new tea room, which is sponsored by some of the Home Economics students, under the direction of Miss Gussie Tabb.

The tea room is very attractive, the furniture being apple green and the draperies of harmonizing colors.

The tea room is located in New Dormitory, and is open on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The menu consists of salads, sandwiches, and drinks.

dormitory, which is used mainly for corrective classes. This is another expression of the growth of the college.

CHRISTMAS CANTATA TO BE PRESENTED

Miss Jenkins Will Direct Presentation of "The Wondrous Story" High School Students to Take Part

A beautiful Christmas cantata, "The Wondrous Story," will be presented at the Methodist church on Sunday evening at 7:30, by the Peabody high school students under the direction of Miss Maggie Jenkins, and assisted by the G. S. C. W. orchestra supervised by Miss Christine Cotner.

Miss Jenkins has spent many weeks perfecting the beautiful choruses and the entire high school has co-operated with her. This will be a very suitable beginning for the Christmas season and the people of Milledgeville are cordially invited to attend.

The Cantata is in six parts. The Shepherds, surprised and somewhat surprised by the star of Bethlehem, are pictured by a gentle pastoral movement. The second episode depicts the Angel Choir coming to herald the birth of the infant Jesus. Three Wise Men, who followed the guiding star, are the subject of the third part. The ensuing scene shows the coming of the people, shepherds and kings into the town of Bethlehem in form a stately chorale. The Manger, in fitting reverent style marks the awakening of the child Jesus. In Christmas Dawn, the strain swells to one of jubilation and brings the cantata to a brilliant and joyful close.

Interesting Incidents in the Life of Christ to be Portrayed in Pantomime In Auditorium Sunday Evening.

The climax of the Christmas entertainments at the college will be the impressive pageant presented by the Y. W. C. A., tomorrow evening. The program is being sponsored by the Dramatic Committee of which Dorothy Jay is Chairman. Misses Katherine Scott and Annie Moore Daughtry are the Directors, the story was arranged by Spencer Darden and Mildred Merrell.

Preceding the first scene the vested choir will sing, "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful."—Other music will be furnished by the Freshman class and the choir, under the leadership of Irma Vaughn.

The first scene, laid in the court of Herod, will be a colorful presentation of the coming of the Wise Men to the Royal Palace.

The second scene depicts the appearance of the angels to the Shepherds. The Angelic choir, in robes of white, will form a striking contrast to the roughly apparessed Shepherds.

A Vocal Solo "There's a Song in the Air" by Beatrice Howard will be followed by a violin number given by

Miss Christine Cotner. The last scene is laid in the stable where Mary and Joseph laid the baby Jesus.

After the curtain is drawn on the last scene the audience will sing "Joy to the World."

The cast of characters includes:

Mary—Frances Morgan.
Joseph—Myrtice Lynch.
King—Essie Bell Russell.
Queen—Spencer Darden.
Roman Soldiers—Sue Roberts, Mildred Merrill.

Priest—Katherine Harris.
Scribe—Frances Dunn.
Ladies-in-Waiting—Willene Jolley, Virginia Pinkelton, Mary Dozier, Ida Duncan, Elizabeth Jennings, Mary Farmer.

Wise Men—Marguerite Hildebrandt, Dorothy Colquit, Ann Hicks.

Shepherds—Essie Alligood, Elizabeth Stovall, Rachael Cruch, Mary Lynn Hall, Dorothy Jay.

Angels—Doris Watkins, Katherine Shivers, Addie Atwood, Audrey Westbrock, Catherine Calloway, Annie Sara Brooks, Leila Herman.

PROMINENT MILLEDGEVILLE PEOPLE EXPRESS THEIR OPINIONS ON "SHOULD MARRIED WOMEN WORK?"

"The fact that I gave up a fascinating position as reporter on the New York Herald to marry shows my opinion on the question, "Should Married Women Work?" said Mrs. David Ferguson in an interview at her home Saturday.

Mrs. Ferguson added, "after 35 years I do not regret that I chose to give up my work to make a home."

Clasping her hands, Mrs. Ferguson continued, "On my wedding day Marion Harmand, one of the members of the New York Women's Press Club told me to let someone else write my stories and make my speeches, but nobody else would mother my girls, and be my boy's best friend. I still think my loveliest poems were bound in white muslins and had blue eyes." Her blue eyes smiling, she concluded,

"Yes, to make a home is one woman's job."

When I asked Mr. Warnock for his opinion, he answered, "Well, it's a proposition that you cannot say yes or no to. Sometimes circumstances force one to work. Ordinarily I think a wife's work in the home is more valuable than the salary she could earn."

Putting his hand on his face, and staring into space, he continued, "Unquestionably, if there are children in the home, a woman should not work unless her salary is needed to support them. I don't think much of a woman in an office, and a negro in charge of her children. The youth of today needs home training more

than at any other time. Mother is the character builder of children in the formative period."

In an interview with Mr. E. E. Bell at his store, he answered my question promptly.

"Yes, I certainly do think women should work. Anybody that works is happier than one who does not."

"Mr. Bell, said I, "do you think the large number of women working lowers the wages and keeps many men from getting jobs?"

"Why no," Mr. Bell said, "the automobile industry is giving more men jobs. There are enough jobs for those who want to work."

Mrs. Hines said on the same question,

"You know my opinion from my occupation."

She continued musingly, "Times have changed, everything has turned itself around. I think it depends on circumstances whether a woman shall work or not. If she loves her work, and it does not interfere materially with her home, she should work."

Sitting down on the coal box by her fire, she resumed,

"My boys left for school before I did, and I was back before them. Oh, it's a double job, and you have to live by the clock. Still, you can do housework now in one hour that used to take six."

Clasping her hands on her knees, Mrs. Hines concluded seriously, "If the Lord gives a person a talent, He expects that person to use it."

LIGHTING OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE WILL BE NEW CUSTOM AT G. S. C. W.

A Christmas ceremonial "Lighting the Christmas Tree" will be initiated on our campus Thursday night, December 20. That we are living in an age in which precedents are still made will be proved again that night. Because what is done that night, we hope, will become an annual custom and tradition to be performed each year just before the girls leave for the Christmas holidays. In order to provide for the perpetuity of this custom, a cedar tree will be planted on the front campus, the tree which we shall call "Our Christmas Tree."

This year on Thursday evening right after supper each girl will be given a Christmas candle which will be lighted from one large Christmas taper. When all the candles are lit the girls will gather around the lighted Christmas tree to sing carols and Christmas song. The program committee, working with Sophomore commission, is now perfecting plans to make this ceremonial appealingly beautiful and truly distinctive because it is their desire that the whole G. S. C. should feel a vital interest in this undertaking that shall become one of the many lovely traditions at G. S. C.—the ceremonial of gathering around the tree to sing together the carols.

MISS WYGAL, NATIONAL EXECUTIVE OF STUDENT

COUNCIL SENDS MESSAGE

The following is from the December National Student Council Bulletin Association.

Miss Wygal, who sends the message, is the National Executive of our Student Council. She spent two years in the Holy Land and is truly a spirit filled person with a joyous radiant personality.

Advent Meditation

A Sunday afternoon in March, Warm sun behind us. A sharp descent below our feet into a shallow, wide valley. To the left, square mud-brick houses; to the right, groves of olive trees and green pasture land. Beyond, the purple-pink of the hills of Moab against a Palestinian sky! The foreground, dull tans and shadowed browns; on the ridges, terraced farms throwing into deeper tones the gray-green olive trees. Over all, warm drenching sun. Crevices and shallow. Beauty. Utter quiet made more intense by the occasional laughter of a child playing on a hill farm or by the far-away call of a sheep.

Once Moses stood on those summits and looked down into the Promised Land. Once Ruth bade farewell to her clan and crossed those hills of Moab to glean in the pleasant valley before us. Once, shepherds tending their flocks by night in those fields just below, heard celestial music and "hurried to Bethlehem to see this thing that has happened."

The stories of fifty centuries hang like a wreath of fragrant smoke over that landscape. One's understanding of the significance which history and

of Bethlehem is deepened in the presence of the beauty of Palestine. But symbolism loses meaning part from that for which it stands. Legend becomes shoddy thinking if torn from the best realism of which man in any age is capable. The babe cradled in Bethlehem brings to students of the twentieth century not alone an exquisite tale to con by family fireside on Christmas Eve but an inescapable meaning about the life of the world in all ages.

Men are sons of God—which means that they have capacity for the highest accomplishments and attitudes. For any one man there is no life, no God apart from identification with other men, irrespective of race or social status or experience. The God of Jesus Christ is the God of any man who recognizes the relationships which may be sustained between men. Jesus sustained such relationships. This identification, this imagination, is the modern baptism: "except ye be baptised with it, ye shall not enter the Kingdom!" This experiencing of humanity applies not only to the far-away Asiatic whom one views with the romance born of remoteness; but to the girl four doors down on my corridor: the girl whom I cannot bear.

"Do not be frightened for I bring you good news of a great joy that is to be felt by all the people." Jesus Christ has been born not only in Bethlehem of Judea but in the University in our state; in the college I attend; in the point of view of five

(Continued on back page)

THE COLONNADE

PUBLISHED TWICE MONTHLY BY STUDENTS OF THE
GEORGIA STATE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
CORNER HANCOCK AND CLARK STS.
MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.

Subscription Rate: 50c per year.

ENTRY AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AT POST OFFICE,
MILLEDGEVILLE, GA. PENDING.

EDITH IVEY, Editor-in-Chief
MARY ELLIOT, Managing Editor

Associate Editor	Cleo Jenkins
Associate Editor	Marion Sparrow
Associate Editor	Dorothy Parks
Business Manager	Sally Hall
Business Manager	Caroline Selman
Feature Editor	Kathryn Harris
Alumna Editor	Josephine Williams
Exchange Editor	Josephine Proctor
Circulation Manager	Mary Ware Martin
Asst. Circulation Manager	Mildred O'Neal
Asst. Circulation Manager	Pauline Sigman
Asst. Circulation Manager	Carolyn Tigner
Asst. Circulation Manager	Nelle Brown
Asst. Circulation Manager	Austelle Adams
Asst. Circulation Manager	Elizabeth Stewart
Asst. Circulation Manager	Marie Long
Reporter	Doris Watkins
Reporter	Camilla Hutchinson
Reporter	Mae Kittles
Reporter	Rebecca Holbrook
Faculty Advisor	Dr. W. T. Wynn

THE YULE LOG

With Christmas we associate holly, mistletoe, and red berries, but Christ is not complete with these for there must be the Yule log in the celebrations. There is about that log, which burns so brightly on the hearth, a warmth, a spirit of hospitality, a cheer which is complete. The glow of the log typifies the glow of our ambitions and desires on the hearth of life. There are the blue flames of love and charity which, if properly nourished, overcome the yellow sparks of jealousy and envy. The deep, burning orange flames are those fiery passions and desires which in youth are strong, but which are soon consumed in the blue flames. This log then, as it burns for the Yuletide fires, burns also for human lives throughout the New Year.

How did the Yule log originate? The word Yule is found in Anglo Saxon literature. From the first record of Christmas as it was celebrated by the old English peoples, we hear of the Yule log. The spirit of Christmas among those folk was not one of giving and receiving gifts, but one of hospitality and good-will. The celebrations lasted for days and there was much feasting and merriment. The centers of Christmas cheer in the long halls were the great stone hearths on which the huge log glowed brightly. The log was an object of great importance; it was cut from the forest several weeks before the holiday season so that it might be thoroughly seasoned. About this great hearth with its Yule log, plain folks and kings mingled in the good-will of the season. Bards and poets gained inspiration from the cheerful glow of the log. Peasant and prince basked in the warmth of love and peace.

Today the Yule log still glows. We do not see the great log burning on the hearth for there are no hearths in the world of modern inventions. But there is within the hearts of all peoples, as the Yuletide approaches, that burning spirit of love and joy and unselfishness which is the spirit of the Yule log. It is this spirit which carries on the message of the angels, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

HOLD ON TO HEALTH

There are seven laws in Camp Fire which the members of that organization have to live by. The sixth of these laws is "Hold on to Health." In order to live up to this law, the Camp Fire girls have well-known simple health rules to follow. They realize that good health is essential if one wishes to do his part in the world.

Everyone knows that the efficient person must be healthy. We see very often, statistics showing how expensive even slight illnesses are. Few people there are who have not experienced discomfort, if not actual pain from some kind of disease.

All of the girls on the campus know the simple rules of health. We owe it to ourselves, to our parents, and to our college to keep well, as far as it is in our power to do so. Let's remember that health is more easily kept than regained after it is once lost. Although they are well-known, these few points cannot be over emphasized: eat wisely, drink plenty of water, and keep out of the way of coughs and sneezes. If you have a little cold, protect the other girl by not scattering your germs.

A CHRISTMAS SENTIMENT

"Star of the East, show us the way
In Wisdom undefiled
To seek that manger out and lay
Our gifts before the child,
To bring our hearts and offer them
Unto our king in Bethlehem!"
As the anniversary of the birth of the Christ-child draws near, is it not true that our hearts feel a new warmth because of generous impulses? Are we not asking ourselves how can we on our campus observe in a fitting way this most important of all anniversaries?

The herald angels sang, "Peace on Earth, good will to Men" and the Wise Men brought their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. How can we in 1928 offer gifts to Him? It was He who said, "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me." There will be a blessed opportunity for each of us to find a little child or a lonely old person or a poor colored man or woman to whom we can carry Christmas cheer and in so doing find gladness and joy.

A Christmas Creed
"We believe in the Christmas spirit of good will to all mankind
We believe in allaying grudges and ill will at Christmas and at all times.
We believe that it is really more blessed to give than to receive.
We believe in ignoring the cost marks on gifts and considering the Spirit of the giver.
We believe in gladdening the hearts of the children by observing traditional Christmas festivities.
We believe in every effort that is aimed to increase the amount of joy at Christmas time.
We believe in the Christmas idea of 'Peace on Earth.'
We believe in the abolition of strife among individuals, classes, and Nations.
We believe in extending love to the unlovely and to the unloved, not only at the Christmas season, but at all times.
We believe in practicing the Christmas Spirit throughout the year."

SELFISHNESS
"This selfish world hates a selfish individual." These words express the opinion of one of the Milledgeville ministers. Do you agree with him? If the world as a whole is selfish and individuals are using their friends and family only as stepping stones to happiness, why isn't the selfish person honored? Many of the so called wealthy society leaders of the country are imitated by others in matters of dress and manner, but they are not loved by their townspeople because they are selfish with time and money. Other wealthy people give freely of money, but never try to be real friends to their acquaintances; therefore they are missing the joys of friendship. Many people who have no worldly possessions give more true happiness in this world by giving cheerfully of their own time and love than if they gave large sums of money. Why do people, who give of themselves freely, become more beloved than those who give of their money, or those who are recognized as authority in all social matters? The Bible says, "The world loveth a cheerful giver." This seems to be the answer. A cheerful giver is usually a happy person whether his home be a palace or a shack. "The joy of life comes from sharing it with others."

A good memory test is to try to remember what became of the Chinese war.—Macon Telegraph.

WONT IT BE WONDERFUL WHEN

The Book Store will be open at all hours.
Post office boxes will burst open with mail.
The chewing of gum will be encouraged in the class room.
The tea room is without a lock.
"Uncle Jimmy" rings the bell on time.
There are no compulsory meetings of any kind.
We have breakfast served in bed.
The Freshmen become as intelligent as the upper classmen.
No one is required to take gym.
Brenau and Harvard have annual canoe races at the new lake.—The Alchemist.

Dear Editor:
Did you know that there are some freshmen on our own campus who have never been to Vespers, have never been to Monday night picture shows, have never been in all the dormitories, have never been in the new hospital, an dhave not even been on a hike? You may think I'm joking, but just last week I met a whole room full of these poor unfortunates, and I'm wondering if perhaps there are others in the same circumstances. Miss Editor, what do these girls do? Do you think they are getting their rightful share of college life?

I've discussed this matter with my roommates and we all think that drastic measures should be taken to reform these inexperienced personalities and to instill in them the real G. S. C. spirit.
Yours for going places and doing things,

AN ADVENTURER.
P. S. I hope these girls see this, but I doubt if they even take the Colonnade!

THE COLUMNIST SPEAKS
A reward of 2c will be paid for the arrest and conviction of anyone reading this column more than twice a semester.

Reading of editorials in Davidson's Greatest Newspaper (The Davidsonian Covers Davidson like the Mud) is strictly prohibited by the Editor himself.

Preparation of A Contribution
1. Type it carefully on plain, white, standard size paper.
2. Re-read for errors, being sure you did not omit the point of your joke.
3. Place in envelope addressed, care Feature Editor, Davidsonian.
4. Seal it and drop it in the post office slot marked "Domestic," "Foreign," "Air Mail" or "Local." Or, better still, throw it in the wastebasket—this saves us lots of time.—The Davidsonian.

ALUMNAE HEARD FROM RECENTLY

Hazel Lloyd, McRae '25 is Mrs. J. L. Elder, Watkinsville, Ga.
Mattie Mae Torrance, '26 is Mrs. W. J. Caldwell and is studying at Southwestern Baptist Seminary.
Jewell Williams, '19 is Mrs. A. L. Downs, Sycamore, Ga.
Ruby Oxford, '23 is Mrs. E. C. Gammon, Brownwood, Ga.
Gladys Hicks, '15 is Mrs. W. S. Shaw, Atlanta, Ga.
Lila Lovett, '26 is Mrs. Herbert Johnson, Wrightsville, Ga.
Ruth Harris, '16 is Recorder at University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla.
Elizabeth Barr, '28 is Mrs. W. D. Kahrst, Greenville, S. C.
Juanita Huff, '28 is Mrs. P. H. Doster, Graceville, Fla.
Maggie Mae Collier, '26 is Mrs. W. D. Fountain, Sycamore, Ga.

SERVICE AN HAPPINESS

Some one has well said, "The real goal in every person's life is happiness." We all have our ambitions, hopes and rose colored dreams of the future, but after all, isn't the eternal search and struggle for happiness behind all these dreams? Then, if there is one common goal, why not a common route for reaching it? Ah, there is, but few of us have found it. The broad, smooth road of selfishness is so easy to follow that few can find the narrow path of service, which, growing broader toward the end, finally leads to the only true happiness.

We all know from experience that if, in our desire for happiness, we seek only personal gain and forget the other fellow, when we reach the coveted goal, we find it tinged with bitterness. The truest and most lasting joy comes from making some one else happy. The Boy Scouts seem to have realized this when they adopted as their motto, "Do a good turn daily." Why not begin this today, and see if each day is not happier than the one before, as it grows easier to serve from day to day?

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK?

Did you ever stop to think that the earth and all that dwell thereon, do not revolve around you?

Did you ever stop to think that if you were to die tonight the world would not stand still until another like you could be made?

Did you ever stop to think about your life, and wonder if you are doing the best with it and living it as God intended you to do?

Did you ever stop to think that life is what we make it—good or bad—that it is a treasure to be guarded and cared for, not thrown away?

Did you ever stop to think that if you were put here for one purpose and if you do not accomplish that purpose, you will fail?

Did you ever stop to think that if you do not do your work well, there is a man just below you ready willing and ready to take your job?

Did you ever stop to think that what you are speaks so loud people cannot hear what you say?

Did you ever stop to think that a big mouth, fine clothes and fame, do not make personality and character?

Did you ever stop to think that ninety-nine per cent of your friends like you for what you have rather than what you are?

Did you ever stop to think that probably your best friend is your bitterest enemy when your back is turned?

Did you ever stop to think that you are not the only one in this world who has troubles? Why worry the other fellow with yours?

Did you ever stop to think that you are responsible to God, and, if you come up lacking, Hercules, himself, cannot break down the gates of Heaven?

Did you ever stop to think that, "The evil that men do lives after them,"

But the good is off inter'd in their bones?"

Say, did you ever take time to stop and think, anyway?

MODERN FAIRY STORY

A co-ed refuses food.
A boy insists (3) times that she partake.
The co-ed still refuses.
He offers to buy her a pennant.
The co-ed refuses to accept it.
The boy asks for ammonia.

The "Y" Column

FRESHMAN COUNCIL ACTIVITIES ARE PROGRESSING

Monday afternoon at 5:30, November 26, the members of the Freshman Council were delightfully entertained in Terrell Big Parlor, by Miss Annie Moore Daughtry, our "Y" Secretary and Carolyn Cheney, Vice-President of Y. W. C. A. After very inspiring talks from Carolyn and Miss Daughtry, each member was presented with an artistically designed blue booklet, in which were the names of the Council members, also one verse of the poem entitled, "The Set of the Sails." Adorning the outside of each little booklet was the picture of the good ship "Freshman," representative of the voyage to be taken by the Councilors; and in the upper left hand corner was a white ribbon linking the book with a permanent life saver—symbolic of what each member is to be.

The Councilors were then shown to the "Y" room where, upon entering one was immediately conscious of the spirit of Christmas. Springs of holly and pine adorned the walls while bright red candles and paper decorations added still further to the air of Yuletide. Here in this joyous little room, each council member became acquainted with the other and everyone was drawn closer together. After a few jolly songs and much chatting, dainty refreshments consisting of sandwiches, cakes, and hot tea, were served by Carolyn Cheney, Audrey Oliver, and Miss Daughtry.

On Wednesday afternoon at 5:30, November 28th, the Freshman Council held its first business meeting in the "Y" room. The scripture was read by Carolyn Cheney and Miss Daughtry led in prayer. Following this was the election of officers for the year of 1928-29; they are: President, Vera Hunt; Vice-President, Elizabeth Gully; Secretary and Treasurer, Francis Perry. Next came the adoption of a purpose for the council; this was composed by Elizabeth Tucker and reads as follows:

"We, the members of the Freshman Council, unite in the desire to foster co-operation and promote a good spirit in the Freshman class. We aim to realize a fuller life through seeking to understand and daily serve the Master."

After a short talk from the President the meeting was adjourned. Tuesday afternoon at 5:30, December 4th, the Freshman Council held its second meeting in the "Y" room, Vandivere Osment led the devotional after which followed a brief speech by Vera Hunt, President of Freshman Council. Copies of the song: "Sunlight Is Gleaming" were distributed and later practiced. After this, came a discussion of the meeting time of the Council; Thursday afternoon at 5:30 being decided upon. The President then set forth the aim of the Council, which was to give every individual of the Freshman class an opportunity to live a broader life by leading devotionals and various services. In other words to participate in religious activities and to be an active member of the Y. W. C. A.

Some of the many plans of the Freshman Council are to create a spirit of friendliness and a closer feeling between members of the Freshman class; to develop personality by participating in public meetings and services; to cultivate the ability to make adjustments; to create a sense of self-mastery in each individual; to use the creative ability

of the class; to help develop fine imaginations; and to learn the art of using our time wisely so as to preserve a sense of leisureness in doing all things.

A welcome visitor of the meeting was Fay Sessions, President of the Y. W. C. A., who made a brief, but inspiring talk. After this, the following committees were appointed for Sunday night's Installation Services: Chairman of Music Committee: Mary Driskall, Assistants—Elizabeth Gully and Elizabeth Tucker. Chairman of stage arrangement committee: Jewell Dodd, Assistants—Bobbie Burns and Elizabeth Ballew. Chairman of Ushers—Francis Perry.

G. S. C. W. SENDS REPRESENTATIVES TO THE BAPTIST STUDENT CONFERENCE AT MACON

Miss Annie Moore Daughtry, Y. W. C. A. Secretary, and Idaline Cosby of Elberton, Georgia, Annie Jo Moye of Barnesville, Georgia, Katherine Hemphill of Griffin, Georgia, and Dorcas Rucker of Alpharetta, Georgia, attended the Baptist Student Conference held in Macon, November 16 through 18. Miss Gertrude Anderson, school Librarian, drove over for the Sunday sessions.

Mercer University acted as host for the delegates and the meetings were held in Tattell Square Baptist church on the corner of Mercer campus.

Many of the leading Georgia Baptists were present and took part in the programs. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Preston, Mr. D. B. Nicholson, Mr. Frank Leavell, Miss Ethel McConnell, and Miss Virginia Bow.

Most of the meetings were technical, dealing with the organization of the Baptist Student Union. Yet, a very high point of inspiration and enthusiasm was reached in the speeches made by Rev. A. Scott Patterson, a returned missionary from Africa, and Dr. Harry Clarke, of Furman University. Their thoughts were fresh and vital, challenging the thinking student to a fuller understanding of life.

GIRL RESERVES GO HIKE

Accompanied by Miss Annie Moore Daughtry, a group of former Girl Reserves, wishing to become acquainted with each other, and to form a club, hiked to the power plant Saturday afternoon, November the 24th.

After they had built a campfire, the Girl Reserves all gathered around it and toasted weiners and marshmallows.

When they had finished supper, a short business meeting was held. Margaret Coyne presented some Girl Reserve material sent her from National Headquarters. It was then voted that a club should be formed, the purpose of which is the expansion of the Girl Reserve Movement. Although college girls cannot be members of the national organization of the Girl Reserves, our G. S. C. W. Girl Reserves are going to try to spread the Girl Reserve spirit both on the campus and in the schools where they are to teach.

The following girls were chosen as officers of the club: President, Margaret Coyne; Vice-President, Margaret Cunningham; and Secretary and Treasurer, Louise Braswell. After the business meeting, the Girl Reserves joined hands around the campfire and said the slogan,

purpose, and code. Several girls gave their favorite verses, and Miss Daughtry recited two poems. Then, they sang some popular Girl Reserve songs, and formed the friendship circle. "Pals, Good Night" ended an enjoyable afternoon.

Those who hiked to the power plant were: Jewel Dodd, Mary Underwood, Alline Johnson, Louise Braswell, Jewel Daniel, Mary Rogers, Louise Stansil, Elizabeth Ballew, Helen Perkins, Lillian Brown, Carlisle Beggs, Margaret Coyne, Margaret Cunningham, May Ross, and Miss Annie Moore Daughtry. Two guests were also present, Geraldine Bray and Margaret Dorsay.

SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE MAKES CHRISTMAS PLANS

The Social Service Committee has great plans for the Christmas season. Mrs. Olive Lucas, matron of Terrell A, gave an interesting and inspiring talk at the meeting several nights ago. She has been doing Red Cross work at Johnson City Tenn. Her work was to entertain the wounded World War Veterans and to make their lives happier. Mrs. Lucas told how she spent Christmas with "her boys." They always had special entertainments, but this year the Red Cross did not have money enough for the usual Christmas celebrations. The boys would have no Santa Claus unless it was sent to them. The girls on the committee asked Mrs. Lucas to adopt them and each girl is to send a soldier a Christmas box of homemade candy.

The mountain people in North Carolina have received boxes from G. S. C. W. for a number of years. These people are in need of warm clothes and the girls are glad to help supply this need. Boxes will be placed in each of the dormitories and the girls are asked to make liberal donations.

Milledgeville has a number of children who need clothes and toys. Each committee of the Y. W. C. A. has taken one of these children and will buy clothes and toys for it. Several of the Milledgeville women will take charge of the children's gifts until Christmas morning. The committee wishes everyone to give all they can to help make this a happy Christmas for everyone.

TERREL A HAS CHARGE OF VESPERS

Terrel A often has dormitory meetings and every time it does, it plans something interesting. At one of the meetings, the matron, Mrs. Lucas suggested that the girls take charge of Vespers, Sunday night, December 2. The suggestion was met with approval by all the girls.

The subject selected was "Friendship." And could soon be a more fitting subject to present to an audience of girls. The girls at G. S. C. live together sharing like problems and pleasures. Here they find that "to have a friend one must be a friend."

The program, which was arranged by Polly Sigman, Rabbie McClendon, and Frankie Perry, consisted of:

1. Congregational Song.
2. Devotional—Dot Holland.
3. Chain Prayers—Euda Lee Newton, Sara Riley, Katherine Vinson.
4. Duet—Polly Sigman, Zoe Bowden.
5. Story—"The Cup of Friendship"—Mrs. Lucas.

6. Solo—Ila Cade Williams.
7. Talk—"Friendship"—Mildred LeMaster.
8. Closing Prayer—Frances Tarpoley.

The stage arrangements were made by Marion Lensey and Glennie Thornton. Song books were distributed at the doors by Katherine Calloway and Ida Duncan. The ushers were Margaret Graham, Louise Mabry, Willie B. Matthews, and Janie Scarborough. Throughout the program, Vera Hunt played piano selections.

A special section of the auditorium was reserved for the Terrell A girls, who went in line to the chapel. A spirit of reverence prevailed throughout the program, each girl seeming to want to do her part in making the program more beautiful.

At the close of the program, Miss Daughtry said that the Terrel A program was one of the best which had ever been given and expressed her appreciation of the girls co-operating and putting the program on.

CONFERENCE AND CONVENTION COMMITTEE ENTERTAINED AT TEA

On Saturday evening, Room 507 Terrell B, was beautifully and appropriately decorated to afford an hour of pleasure for the members of the conference and convention committees of the Y. W. C. A.

Hot tea and cakes were served by Mary Elliott, Mattie Bell West, Sally Hall, Edith Funderburk, and Lorice Cannafax.

The guests were Blanche McClesky, Louise Little, Mary Williams, Edyth Bowden, Evelyn Reid Nutt, Mary Battle, Kathryn Jones, Thelma Gooding, Jaunita Moore, Velma Kemp, Louise Leslie, Nanadelyn Hall, Mattie Belle West, Sally Hall, Elizabeth Reese, Lizzie Mae Gammage, Ethel Herring, Hazel McArthur, Elsie Boykin, Louise Merritt, Annie Smith, Norma Evans, Corrine Marty, Sara Martin, and Lorice Cannafax.

WHAT SALLY SEES AND SAYS

Such a greeting I received from Sally this morning! When I met her it was this:

"Hello!"
"Hello!"
"Hey!"
"Good morning!"
"Howdy!"
"And lots of smiles!"

And then she went on to explain, "These are the ways I was greeted as I crossed the campus on my way to class this morning. The first girl I met said 'Hello' just exactly in the same manner that a clock strikes two o'clock, except it wasn't nearly so cheerful." Sally's face assumed a doleful expression. "She said it because it was time to say it and the expression of her face changed no more than a clock's face does."

"But the next one made up for it. That voice had in it enough of sunshine to last all day. Happiness was in every letter of the 'Hello.' I'm glad I met her. I don't know her name but I like her just the same."

"The next was a friend of mine. I wondered what she would say, and she said just what I did—"Hey," and with a smile. It makes me glad that there are more happy girls on the campus than sour ones. All the rest I met on my way to class smiled at they greeted me and the others they met. It must have been because somebody else had smiled at them—you know it's true that when you smile, another smiles. And soon there are miles and miles of smiles. And then I smiled at Sally and Sally smiled at me as we parted to go to ten o'clock classes."

Well, all I have to say is that in a lifetime now, you couldn't convince the Y. W. C. A., who spent twenty cents for blotters, that friends aren't more valuable any day than money! The old Y room is still to be used as a place for Cabinet and Committee meetings, and for socializing, but it is a good thing to have an office for efficiency and a successful organization needs both.

"The war between the older order of inefficiency and the new order of scientific merchandising will doubtless become intensified." Now as that is settled maybe we can all sit back and rock.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN ALADDIN'S LAMP?

"They Tell Me Friends Are More Valuable Than Money."

Thanksgiving had a real significance for Miss Daughtry and the executive of Y. W. C. A. Well, I guess it did for cabinet and committee members in general too.

You see, Dr. Beeson gave them an office where they can work quietly, have private conferences, and keep records of the association. Now, there is a place for everything, so when things are needed they don't have to hunt for them.

Why, Robbette has a candle drawer, (she's proud of that,—she doesn't have to grab down in that dark little alcove, under the skillet and coffee pot etc., any more.) Alveretta and Dot Thaxton, have a drawer for their reports and records, and Irma has a space to keep the choir robes in (her roommates are proud of that too.) And even Freshmen Council have their space!

Dramatic Committee has a chest, and they have pressed and carefully folded every costume and piece of cloth they can get their hands on (it is suspected they want to fill up the chest!). And woe to any person who dares try to lift the lid of said sacred chest without Miss Daughtry and Faye Sessions and Dot Jay, and—well, I can't remember the names of all the people who have to sign the card or stand around to get it down in black and white, which thing is being removed and who borrowed it and the hour it is to be returned. (We think they call it system.)

Mr. E. E. Bell played Santa Claus and generously gave the curtains, couch covers, and pillows—and would you believe it, he even had them made and had Ed put them up!

George, the carpenter, gave a plate glass for the top of Miss Daughtry's desk, and Mrs. Bates gave some old furniture from the Mansion attic. Dr. Beeson gave a rug and Walter (the painter) painted that part of the woodwork that Fannie McLellan and a few others couldn't reach.

Well, maybe you don't believe it but just wait until you hear what is coming! Mrs. Key, Mrs. Kiser, and Mrs. Lucas passed by one day and frowned and shook their heads and went outside and whispered and whispered—then looked again and went to the phone. We couldn't imagine what was the matter, but the next thing we knew, they had bought some calcimine and had a man on the step-ladder doing the walls over. I think they are fairy godmothers!

On Wednesday night before Thanksgiving, Miss Daughtry had holly and candles all around for the visitors to see, and then she went out for a while, and when she returned—why she found that fairies too had been around. She rubbed her eyes a bit to be sure (so Mary Vinson says and she was on the spot,) for there was a lovely floor lamp, all lighted up, with a card which read "For our new 'Y' office from the girls in Terrell A."

Well, all I have to say is that in a lifetime now, you couldn't convince the Y. W. C. A., who spent twenty cents for blotters, that friends aren't more valuable any day than money!

The old Y room is still to be used as a place for Cabinet and Committee meetings, and for socializing, but it is a good thing to have an office for efficiency and a successful organization needs both.

"The war between the older order of inefficiency and the new order of scientific merchandising will doubtless become intensified." Now as that is settled maybe we can all sit back and rock.

CLUB NEWS

AMERICUS CLUB ENJOYS HIKE

The Americus club had a delightful outing last Saturday when the members hiked to Nesbit Woods for a weiner roast.

Kathryn Harris, president of the club proved herself expert in the knowledge of fire building when she greeted the other girls with a roaring campfire on their arrival.

With weiners and marshmallows suspended on the end of long sticks over the fire, and between bites of the tempting smoke flavored food, everyone indulged in an exchange of home town gossip, jokes and songs, until one intelligent member made the bright remark that it seemed to be getting dark and that she didn't believe 'twas very long until supper time. The meeting was immediately declared adjourned.

Those present were Kathryn Harris, Louise Reeves, Frances Walker, Louise Mabry, Ruth Hightower, Evelyn Jones, Mildred LeMaster, Nora Gaston, Rachel Carruthers, Agnes Gammage, Frances Reeves, Lizzie May Gammage and Frances Barton.

And to make our story end correctly, allow us to add, "A good time was had by all, and they lived happily ever after!"

ALUMNAE ENTERTAINED

BY HISTORY CLUB

The History Club, on November 30, had a business and social meeting in honor of its former members who returned for the Thanksgiving "homecoming."

The meeting was called to order by the president, Kathryn Harris of Americus, who welcomed the former members of the club. Dr. Amanda Johnson, head of the history department, also extended a cordial welcome to the Alumnae of the club. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The secretary is Viola James of Fitzgerald.

After a short business meeting the program was given over to Idolene Cosby, chairman of the social committee. A make-believe radio program presenting Mr. Hoover and Mr. Curtis was the special feature of entertainment. Beverly Brantly was the announcer, Thelma Johnson spoke as Mr. Hoover, and Rachel Creech was Mr. Curtis.

MRS. WOOTEN VISITS SAVANNAH GEORGIA

"Savannah is doing a very interesting piece of health work," said Mrs. Wooten in telling of her recent visit to that city. "They have two full time doctors, besides the number of nurses that are employed and they are doing valuable work among the colored people as well as the white people."

While she was in Savannah, Mrs. Wooten made talks to many different groups. On Monday morning she talked to all the high school girls of the Pape school, the Convent, and the city schools. The kindergartens were visited on Monday, also. On Tuesday morning Mrs. Wooten addressed the nurses and health workers and visited some of the schools. The Tuesday evening talk was made to a group of business women.

Mrs. Wooten was the guest of Mrs. F. M. Turner, formerly Miss Bonnie Wells, and there were many social affairs planned in her honor. Among these were a tea at the Huntington club, a luncheon at the DeSoto given by Mrs. E. T. Bowdoin, who was Miss Alice Myrick, and a luncheon planned by the G. S. C. W.

LITERARY GUILD PLANS CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

The Literary Guild will have its December general meeting on Tuesday night, December 18. A Christmas program of old English customs will be the theme, and the customs will be charmingly portrayed in pantomime. During the scene presenting the decoration of the Christmas tree, carols will be sung outside the window.

Another attractive scene will be bringing in the yule log by the father of the family and his sons. The last scene will be a feast scene in which a blazing boar's head will be brought to the festal board. Refreshments, games, and songs will be enjoyed before adjourning.

This attractive program is in charge of Emily Campbell, Dorcas Rucker, and Willie Baker.

MERIWETHER CLUB HAS PARTY

The Meriwether Club was delightfully entertained Saturday, December fifteenth with a Christmas party. A number of games were played and just before refreshments were served all gathered around the Christmas tree to get what "Santy" had left for them. Everyone enjoyed opening the little packages. The music furnished by Edna Tigner was enjoyed very much.

HISTORY CLUB HAS CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

The History Club held its regular monthly meeting December 14, in Dr. Johnson's classroom.

A very enjoyable Christmas program was presented. "Christmas in many lands" was delightfully carried out. Beatrice Howard represented Holland; Doris Watkins, Norway; Eleanor Piper, Holy Land; Robertine McClendon, United States. The program ended with a moving picture of "Christmas in Other Lands."

At the conclusion of the program the club presented Dr. Johnson with a lovely Christmas gift in appreciation. This concluded the meeting.

The history club wishes to extend to the student body, the matrons, the faculty and to Dr. Beeson, best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

"GYM AND JERRY" PRESENTED AT FRESHMAN CHAPEL

Grow little school girl, stronger, stronger, Sleep little school girl, longer, longer, Eat fresh vegetables every day And that will keep ill health away; Get fresh air and plenty of water, Exercise as a school girl "orter," Do these things and you will see How healthy you will be.

This is what the freshmen learned to sing after they saw the play given by the health club in chapel recently. If you haven't learned it, try singing it now. The tune is "Glow Worm."

The principle characters in the play were Ruth, Margaret Candler; Jerry, Mary Elliott; Dot, Marian Sparrow; the Judge, Kathryn Hemphill; and the spirit of health, Mary Frances Cowan. Other members of the cast were Oren Smith, Charlotte Wallace, Mary Castagnino, Grace Cochran, Marie Long, Nellie Fisher, Elise Stone, Frances Holmes, Charlotte Shelnutt, Mattie Belle West, Hazel Sloan, Annie Joe Moye, Margaret Coyne and Audrey Westbrook.

Alumnae Club of Savannah. Miss Christine Ryals is president of the club.

BOOK REVIEW

REVIEW OF GALSWORDTH'S SWAN SONG

Loving one man and married to another! Should she leave her good husband and little son? But what about her lover? Would he likewise leave his dutiful wife? Such is the entanglement of the unfortunate heroine of Swan Song. Galsworthy carries his reader with suspense to the last paragraph. He pauses from the main plot occasionally to give an aspect on the conditions of present-day England—Parliament, the slums of London, and the "Great Strike." But these facts are brought in so cleverly that one doesn't realize he is learning history—but rather the characterization of an important figure in the story.

BROOK EVANS

By Susan Glaspell

The story told in this book runs through three generations linked by passionate experience. When the parents of Naomi Kellogg and Joe Copeland forbid them to see each other they must meet secretly at night beside the brook that flows between their two adjoining farms. The magic beauty of the summer nights is irresistible and they dare all for love.

When Joe is suddenly killed a dull, uninteresting, pious admirer of Naomi, saves the family name and takes her to the West where she lives only for her dead lover's child whom she named Brook because she loved the stream which flowed beside her childhood home, and which seemed a symbol of her early love.

When Brook is wooed by a youth of whom her foster father disapproves, her mother, fearing that her own unhappiness will be repeated in the life of her daughter, plots against her husband. She is found out by her brother who turns bitterly against her mother to the father who has given her his silent protection from her babyhood. Naomi becomes numb with grief and disappointment and spends the rest of her life in a dream-like half-conscious state.

It is not until twenty years later that Brook, finding for the first time the true meaning of love, understands her mother. When she detaches her own son stands by her, resentful but loyal.

This book, like others of Mrs. Glaspell's, communicates to the reader a dejected, defeated quality. It is an eloquent study in pain, passion, and pity—pity for the pain that human beings inevitably inflict upon one another.

The characters are well drawn—Naomi devoted to the memory of her young lover, vainly trying to win her daughter's love and confidence; her husband, hard and pious, feeling that she owes him much for the service that he has rendered her, and yet producing in the reader a sense of sympathy and pity; Brook whom we never quite understand and who seems unreal because the author steps so suddenly from her girlhood to her late womanhood.

Mrs. Glaspell's style is simple, adequate, and realistic. In some places we find literary beauty but much of the language is raw and jerky, peculiarly suited to the elemental emotions that she is trying to express.

"They all were looking for a King To slay their foes and lift them high Thou can't a little baby thing That made a woman cry."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa Claus:
I'm just a girl at G. S. C.
With a couple of roommates—oh! gee!

And a horde of suite-mates, Santa, too,
Who are sometimes happy and often blue;
Now, I'm appealing to you, Santa Claus,

To carry out a few little laws.
For my suite-mates, a new record I do plead,
Only one, dear Santa—that's all they need;

And my roommate—oh! I'm in despair!
Please bring some shears and cut her hair.
She needs some lipstick and powder too,

For my use and hers—mine simply won't do!
And my other roommate, she's a scream!

Do bring some soap to get her clean!
And some notebook paper and a constitution book,

So when I'm trying to study she won't have to look.
Santa, dear, I know my list is amplified,

But do all this and I'll be sublimely satisfied.
Hopefully yours,
SOMEBODY'S ROOMMATE.

December 16, 1928

Dear Santa Claus:
We hope that all the Pi Kappa Phi fraternity pins won't be given away before you get to us. Of course you know that away down deep in the heart of every G. S. C. girl, there is a smothered desire for one of those jeweled pins. Now, Santa Claus, what good would this pin be without a new black evening dress? We both want to "step out" on Christmas night and make all the old home town sheiks wonder.

Won't you do your best to secure for us these two little presents, and maybe the accessories will be acquired elsewhere?
Yours in suspense,
THE GOLD DIGGERS.

December 16, 1928

Santa Claus:
Please allow me to spend the Christmas holidays at home, leaving on December 21 and returning on January 2, 1929.

Thank you,
JESSIE W.

Dear Santa Claus:
Has my Daddy written and told you what I want? I don't suspect he has because we can't agree on what I want, but my Daddy keeps making bright remarks about people who want baby grand pianos and Buick Roadsters. But really, he exaggerates cause I don't want a piano. I don't even know how to play! I certainly haven't any use for a Buick Roadster. I guess my Daddy was just using a piano and a Roadster as examples.

Santa Claus, all I want is a steel tennis racket; an evening dress (red tulle and silver cloth) a portable victrola and typewriter; a week-end bag; a toilet set; a pair of skates; a bathrobe; a spanish shawl; shoes; dresses; hats; a ring; and a wrist watch band. Do you think that's much? I don't either.

Do you know what my Daddy said when I told him what I wanted? He said: "Will you please stop telling me what you want and just tell me what you don't want." You know, I don't think that was a very nice remark. It sounds almost sarcastic.

I knew I would be safe in writing and telling you what I wanted. I

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still I see thee lie
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
O morning stars together
Proclaim Thy holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold,
Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all gracious King,
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold.
When the new heaven and earth shall own,
The Prince of Peace, their King
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

MARK, THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled,
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With angelic hosts proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new born King.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth,
Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
Hail the Son of Righteousness,
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace
Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new born King.

O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem,
Come and behold Him, born the King of Angels
O come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.
Sing choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God, in the highest,
O come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

know by just looking at your pictures that you weren't the kind of a gentleman that makes remarks about the presents that girls ask for.
Yours for bigger and better
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
P. S. There's a lot of queer people down here that go around all the time and ask people: "Have you got C. S.?" It worried me at first cause I couldn't imagine what they meant, but later on I decided C. S. was Santa Claus turned around. Its supposed to be funny, but it didn't make me laugh. Does it you?

G. S. C. W.

For the Alumnae!

G. S. C. W. FAST BECOMING A FAMILY INSTITUTION

Out of our student body there are more than fifty daughters of former students and graduates. We are proud of these, our family. Why not use this as an opportune time to pay a visit to you daughter and your alma mater? Come and see the changes that have been made since you were here. Come share with us the joy of our growing institution.

What year did you attend or graduate from college?

Are the dates given below correct?
Julia Adams—Mother, Mary Eudora Adams—Mrs. C. A. Adams, Oconee, Georgia—Student?

Martha Bass—Mother, Bessie Ione Bass—Mrs. E. E. Bass, Milledgeville, Georgia—Student 1896.

Evelyn Barnes—Mother, Carrie Allen, Mrs. Corrie Barnes, Mansfield, Georgia—Student 1896.

Ruth Brooks—Mother, Eura H. Woodruff—Mrs. J. C. G. Brooks, McRae, Georgia—Graduated 1900.

Lucile Brown—Mother, Katherine Boyer—Mrs. G. S. Brown, Sparta, Georgia—Graduated 1914.

Righton Brown—Mother, Elizabeth Bivins—Mrs. Elizabeth B. Brown, Milledgeville, Ga.—Graduated 1904, Music Diploma.

Imogene Curl—Mother, Lottie Morning—Mrs. William W. Curl, Swainsboro, Ga.—Student 1893-94.

Lura Rebecca Benton—Mrs. B. D. Middleton, Atkinson, Ga.—Student?

Mary Mitcham—Mother, Sallie Kate Crowder—Mrs. Cliff Mitcham, Durand, Ga.—Student?

Morris—Mother, Annie R. Moore—Mrs. G. Morris, Rocky Ford, Ga.—Student 1904-05-06.

Julia Muse—Mother, Meida Athon—Mrs. W. A. Muse, Covington, Ga.—Graduated 1903

Dorothy Park—Mother, Birt Thomas—Mrs. H. P. Park, 207 Broad St., LaGrange, Ga.—Student?

Sara Patrick—Mother, Hildred Bell—Mrs. G. W. Patrick, Locust Grove, Ga.—Student?

Mrs. Julia S. Reese, Eatonton, Ga.; Julia Reese—Mother, Julia Stubbs—Graduated 1900.

Ruth Roark—Mother, Iabille Castleberry—Mrs. V. C. Roark, Clermont, Ga.—Graduated 1892.

Florence Rogers—Mother, Ida Caraker—Mrs. O. L. Rogers, Sandersville, Ga.—Graduated?

Ruth Senn—Mother, Willie Ruth McLendon—Mrs. D. J. Senn, 634 Lee St., Dawson, Ga.—Graduated 1907.

Marion Sparrow—Mother, Helen Carruthers—Mrs. H. H. Sparrow, Hawkinsville, Ga.—Student?

Susan Smith—Mother, Mary Jordan—Mrs. W. H. Smith, Sandersville, Ga.—Graduated 1898.

Elizabeth Summerford—Mother, Julia Wisenbaker—Mrs. D. B. Summerford, Reidsville, Ga.—Graduated 1906.

Ida Turner—Mother, Julia Dorminy—Mrs. J. Z. Turner, Fitzgerald, Ga.—Student?

Margaret Wells—Mother, Estelle Wooten—Mrs. W. H. Wells, Shellman, Ga.—Student?

Pearl Whelchel—Mother, Laura Jones—Mrs. E. V. Whelchel, Chickamauga, Ga.—Student?

Anna and Clara Williams—Mother, Dell Hinson—Mrs. E. J. Williams, Ty Ty, Ga.—Graduated 1892.

Ellie Hudson—Mother, Ella Pearl Greene—Mrs. L. E. Hudson, 715

Ninth St., Etowah, Tenn.—Student?

Mattie Lou LaFavor—Mother, Carolyn Samples—Mrs. A. D. LaFavor, Averett, Ga.—Student 1906-07.

Antionette Lawrence—Mother, Bessie Edwards—Mrs. E. R. Lawrence, Milledgeville, Ga.—Student?

Ruth and Louise Lowe—Mother, Hattie Jones—Mrs. E. H. Lowe, Carrs Station, Ga.—Graduated 1895.

Gladys and Ruth Lowther—Mother, Ada Paulk—Mrs. Ada C. Lowther, 125 Gaskin Ave., Douglas, Ga.—Student?

Gene McDonald—Mother, Mollie Lee Dorminy—Mrs. A. J. McDonald, Fitzgerald, Ga.—Student?

Gladys McMichael—Mother, Nan Cox Harvey—Mrs. R. L. McMichael, Buena Vista, Ga.—Student?

Herietta Matthews—Kate Henslee—Mrs. C. H. Matthews, Barnesville, Ga.—Student?

Mary Ware Martin—Mother, Marie Forrester—Mrs. M. M. Martin, Milledgeville, Ga.—Graduated 1904.

Mary Ella and Sara Maxwell—Mother, Annie S. Coombs—Mrs. O. N. Maxwell, Danville, Ga.—Graduated—1895, Deceased.

Frances and Martha Elizabeth Moore—Mother, Henrie Patterson—Mrs. B. H. Moore, Griffin, Ga.—Student 1892.

Mary Moore—Mother, Adrienne Harp—Mrs. Jere Moore, Montezuma, Ga.—Graduated 1899.

Mary Blanche Middleton—Mother, Lura Rebecca Benton—Mrs. B. D. Middleton, Atkinson, Ga.—Student?

Mary Mitcham—Mother, Sallie Kate Crowder—Mrs. Cliff Mitcham, Durand, Ga.—Student?

Morris—Mother, Annie R. Moore—Mrs. G. Morris, Rocky Ford, Ga.—Student 1904-05-06.

Julia Muse—Mother, Meida Athon—Mrs. W. A. Muse, Covington, Ga.—Graduated 1903

Dorothy Park—Mother, Birt Thomas—Mrs. H. P. Park, 207 Broad St., LaGrange, Ga.—Student?

Sara Patrick—Mother, Hildred Bell—Mrs. G. W. Patrick, Locust Grove, Ga.—Student?

Mrs. Julia S. Reese, Eatonton, Ga.; Julia Reese—Mother, Julia Stubbs—Graduated 1900.

Ruth Roark—Mother, Iabille Castleberry—Mrs. V. C. Roark, Clermont, Ga.—Graduated 1892.

Florence Rogers—Mother, Ida Caraker—Mrs. O. L. Rogers, Sandersville, Ga.—Graduated?

Ruth Senn—Mother, Willie Ruth McLendon—Mrs. D. J. Senn, 634 Lee St., Dawson, Ga.—Graduated 1907.

Marion Sparrow—Mother, Helen Carruthers—Mrs. H. H. Sparrow, Hawkinsville, Ga.—Student?

Susan Smith—Mother, Mary Jordan—Mrs. W. H. Smith, Sandersville, Ga.—Graduated 1898.

Elizabeth Summerford—Mother, Julia Wisenbaker—Mrs. D. B. Summerford, Reidsville, Ga.—Graduated 1906.

Ida Turner—Mother, Julia Dorminy—Mrs. J. Z. Turner, Fitzgerald, Ga.—Student?

Margaret Wells—Mother, Estelle Wooten—Mrs. W. H. Wells, Shellman, Ga.—Student?

Pearl Whelchel—Mother, Laura Jones—Mrs. E. V. Whelchel, Chickamauga, Ga.—Student?

Anna and Clara Williams—Mother, Dell Hinson—Mrs. E. J. Williams, Ty Ty, Ga.—Graduated 1892.

Ellie Hudson—Mother, Ella Pearl Greene—Mrs. L. E. Hudson, 715

THE LITTLE LAMB

Far over the mountains and far over the seas is a land called Palestine. Here many centuries ago lived a shepherd called Berachah and his wife and little son, Judah.

Judah was very lonely. For a time there had been a baby sister who had played with him over the mud floors of their little hut, but the sister had gone away and his mother wept, desolately there in the hut all day and most of the night. There were no other children for the shepherd lived in an isolated valley of a great mountain.

There were dogs but they were not friendly creatures, but great rough brutes whose mission in life was to herd the sheep. So the little boy played companionless among the boulders of the mountain side.

One morning he accompanied his father who had gone to look for a lost ewe. It was a bright glorious morning and the little boy frisked about among the boulders till he was halted by the sound of a weak and pitiful little cry. He ran behind one of the great gray rocks and saw there the lost ewe lying dead, her throat cut by the taloned paw of some creature of the mountain night. But though she was dead there lay by her side a little new born lamb, and frail but appealing more to the lonely child on account of its helplessness.

When Berachah arrived, the child held up the little lamb and asked eagerly to be allowed to keep it. The shepherd started to consent but looking more closely at the little creature saw that its fleece was gray and summarily refused for all the sheep in his flock were white and he knew well that mixed fleece brought a lower price than that which was pure white.

"Oh father," the child cried, "I am so lonely. Since my little sister went away I have been so lonely. My mother cries all day long. Please let me keep the little lamb. I will feed it and care for it. He is lonely as I am."

The father touched by the child's appeal, consented and from that time the boy and the lamb were constant companions. Judah fed the little creature, played with him, and at night the two slept under one sheep skin which was the boy's only coverlid. The little lamb returned the boy's affection and gave him the same faithful love which a dog gives. He felt his own isolation for the other sheep seeming to realize that the little lamb's fleece was different from theirs, left him to himself and pushed him out of the way when he tried to mingle with the flock.

At last one day a group of rough men arrived at Berachah's hut and talked with him. It was the season of drought and the grass had been consumed about the shepherd's homes, so, as was their yearly custom, they were planning to band together and lead their combined flocks to a fresh place where the grass was green.

Florine Williams—Mother, Della Hinson—Mrs. E. J. Williams, Ty Ty, Ga.—Student?

Odessa Wooten—Mother, Dora Dennard—Mrs. P. D. Wooten, Abbeville, Ga.—Student?

Corine Yearly—Mother, Eva Burney—Mrs. Eva Yearly, Cochran, Ga.—Student?

When Berachah was ready, he called Judah to him. "The little lamb must go too," he said. "There is no grass here and he will die of starvation. He is big enough now to follow the flock."

Judah was heart broken at the contemplated loss of his playmate but he knew that his father was a stern man who would not be contradicted and he knew also that he was right, so he watched the little lamb reluctantly following the other sheep and that night he cried himself to sleep for loneliness.

He did not know what time it was but it was early, he felt the cold wet nose of his little lamb on his hand. For a moment he hugged the little creature who had left the flock and come back to his human friend, then he thought of his father. His father had said that the lamb must go with the flock and his father was not a man who could be disobeyed. Without waking his mother or thinking of the danger he incurred by going out on the wild mountain at night, he gathered up the sheep skin and followed by the little lamb started to find the camp of the shepherds.

The camp was not far and Judah was familiar with the road. He had heard the shepherds say that they would camp that night in the hills overlooking Bethlehem but it was a dangerous trip for a little boy to make in the night. More than once the child heard deep growls from the bushes by the wayside and great yellow eyes glared at him, but he passed unharmed for all nature seemed to hold a truce that night and even the grass and trees were alert and fresh as with joy.

Presently he came to the camp. One shepherd dozed by the fire in front of the door of the fold, and the others lay wrapped in their cloaks sleeping on the ground. The little boy started to go up to the guard and explain his coming but stopped for a strange phenomenon was happening. It seemed that a flake of living fire was falling through the air and as he watched, it took the form of an angel clad in burning white, with great soft white wings, and a face of joyous kindness. It sped through the air faster than light and came to a pause just above the camp of the shepherds.

The guard had not noticed it but something now warned him to look up. When he saw the divine presence, he screamed with fright and fell on his face. The other shepherds hearing his cry awoke and sprang up too but at sight of the Heavenly messenger they too fell on their faces. Only Judah remained standing while the angel spoke.

"Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ, the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling bands and lying in a manger."

And straightway there were with the angel a multitude of the Heavenly Hosts, praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth, Peace, Good will to men."

His message done the Angel raised his hands in blessing over the prostrate forms of the shepherds, smiled

The Alumnae

For G. S. C. W.

at Judah and spreading his great wings rose in the air.

JOURNALISM CLASS VISITS TELEGRAPH

The Journalism class spent Monday, December 3, in Macon, getting first hand experience in newspaper work. Some of them went with the reporters on their regular beats and others were assigned for special stories. The force of the Macon Telegraph made these arrangements to help the students to learn methods of gathering and writing news.

When the afternoon work was over, the students went through the plant, visiting the composing room and press room where the giant press was in operation. W. F. Crute, father of one of the members of the group, is in charge of the press room, and he explained the mechanism of the press to the group.

Those visiting the Telegraph were Mary Carson, Dorothy Colquitt, Carrie Frank Crute, Spencer Darden, Annie Moore Daughtry, Iverson Dews, Delta Grant, Lizzie Mae Gamme, Louise Ham, Genevieve Hargrove, Viola Ham, Velma Kemp, Marie Long, Mildred Merrell, Mary Ruby, Florence Rogers, Mae Ross, Annie Laurie Rush, Gussie Tabb, Dr. and Mrs. Wynn and Louise Anderson.

JOURNALISM CLASS EDITS UNION RECORDER

The class in Journalism edited an issue of the Union Recorder on December 12, in order to gain first hand experience.

During the past week and half of this week, the reporters, advertising editor, and other editors on the staff of the Union Recorder have turned over their places to G. S. C. W. Journalism students.

This edition of the Union Recorder in addition to its regular news consists of interviews of prominent Milledgeville people, and feature stories about many places in and around Milledgeville.

The following students were editors of the various divisions of the paper:

Editor-in-Chief, Marie Long, of Atlanta; Managing Editor, Florence Rogers, of Sandersville; Business Manager, Viola Ham, of Fitzgerald; City Editor, Velma Kemp, of Statesboro; Advertising Manager, Genevieve Hargrove, of McDonough; International News Editor, Delta Grant, of Helena; State News, Annie Moore Daughtry, of Allentown; Local News, Louise Ham, of Franklin; Features Editor, Carrie Frank Crute, of Macon; Society Editor, Iverson Dews, of Decatur; Sport's Editor, Dorothy Colquitt, of Columbus; Women's Page Editor, Mae Ross, of Macon; Men's Page Editor, Spencer Darden, of Newman; Local Schools Editor, Mildred Merrell, of Dublin; Columnist, Mary Ruby, of Macon; Reporters, Gussie Tabb, of St. Louis, and Mary Carson, of Union Point; and Proof Readers, Lizzie Mae Gamme, of Americus, and Annie Laurie Rush, of Rome.

INTERESTING MEETING OF THE A. A. U. W.

The American Association for University Women met with Mrs. Sallee Monday evening. Mrs. Sallee, Dr. Amanda Johnson, and Miss Winifred Crowell were the hostesses.

Dr. George Harris, Webber, and Mr. H. F. White, of the G. S. C. W., Faculty, who were guests, read interesting papers on subjects of political science. After this part of the program an unusual stunt prepared by Dr. Alice Hunter, chairman of the program committee, was given. The refreshments were ice cream, Santa Claus, coffee, and cake. Delightful favors in the form of Christmas stockings, filled with fruits, candy and gifts were used.



SOCIAL NEWS

Mr. Steve Cobb of Warthen, visited his daughter, Louise during the week-end.

Helen Hagan had as her guest Sunday, Mr. H. M. Mallory and daughter, Augusta, of Macon.

Those attending the football game in Atlanta this week-end were Oscar Kirsch, Ellen Rambo, and Annie Kate Melton.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo of Hawkinsville, visited their daughter, Dorothy, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Walden, of Louisville, were the guests of their daughters, Miriam and Nannie Lou, Sunday.

Sara and Georgia Miller had as their guests during the week-end Miss Grace Miller of Rock Ford, and Miss Elizabeth Chapman, of Wesleyan Conservatory.

Mrs. Steve Cobb, of Warthen, spent Wednesday afternoon with her daughter, Louise.

AN APPRECIATION

When Miss Christine Cotner played the violin for us in chapel recently, one could actually feel enjoyment in the air. Our big student body was as still as it has ever been or will be again. As she played Kreisler's beautiful "Liebesfreud" and the haunting "Orientele," by Cui, not another sound was heard. No doubt every one was having a little private moving picture just then, for the Orientale has the power of suggestion to an unusual degree. When one listens to it, it seems to have a plot which catches the interest with the first note. The hearer is almost tense as he feels that he is waiting for a climax. We wish that it would become a custom to have the Orientale played on our first and last chapel programs of special music as well as many other times.

Every one enjoys the special music that we have in chapel,—the graceful little melodies, the delightful songs with unexpected endings, the beautiful sacred songs, and the piano and violin music. We cannot adequately express our appreciation of the music faculty and our young artists, but to those who have contributed to our enjoyment most recently, Helen Dasher, Beatrice Howard, Nancy Heard, Virginia McAllister, Mary Hurdle, Miss Cotner, Ila Code Williams, Miss Jenkins, Mrs. Long and Mrs. Longino as well as to others who have and will play or sing for us we wish to say, "Thank you! Come again."

ROOK PARTY OF LAST WEEK

A delightful affair of the past week was the rook party given by Hana Sims in Terrell Annex C, on November 17. Rook was played at two tables and music was enjoyed throughout the afternoon. Top score was won by Margaret Arthur. After the game a delicious lunch was served. Those playing were Louise Chambliss, Evelyn Jones, Ina Willis, Marianne Anderson, Margaret Arthur, Margaret Trappnell, Nell Wood, Louise Canoly, and Mary Key Middleton.

Miss Nelle Wier, of Athens, spent last week-end with Mation Sparrow.

Mrs. O. A. Zeigler, of Zeigler, visited her daughter, Edith, Sunday.

Misses Sara Jones and Blanch Hamby attended the Georgia-Tech game.

Miss Sadie Lou Hall, of Albany, was the guest of Kathryn Harris last week-end.

Miss Frances Gaines visited Mary Lynn Hull Sunday.

Fannie McLellan left Sunday for her home in Dalton, because of illness. She will return after Christmas.

Miss Eleanor Ennis attended the Georgia-Tech game, Saturday.

Miss Mabel Clarke, of Hawkinsville, was the guest of Marion Sparrow, last week-end.

RUTH HIGHTOWER AND HELEN SOUTHWELL ENTERTAIN

Ruth Hightower and Helen Southwell were hostesses at a lovely feast, Sunday December 9.

The room was decorated for the occasion, the Christmas idea being carried out. On each place card was painted a sprig of holly, and the nicknames of the guests were printed attractively.

Many games were played throughout the evening and a salad course was served.

The guests were: Julia Boswell, Margaret Arthur, Dorothy Bunlap, Berta McWhorter, Sadie Garner, Louise Connolly, Ina Willis, and Mary Key Middleton.

HEALTH PROGRAM ENJOYS PROGRAM

On account of the Thanksgiving holidays the health club did not have a meeting on the first Saturday in December. The meeting was held on December eighth, at 4:40 in Mrs. Wootten's health room.

An interesting Christmas program was arranged by Mary Elliott. Miss Marie Smith told a story of the first real Christmas tree and Mary Ruby gave an interesting story of the Danish Christmas seal which was the first stamp to be sold to help in the fight against tuberculosis. Carolyn Cheney had a copy of the "Crusader," the cover of which has the picture which is used for the 1928 stamps. It is a picture of the ship of health. She read interesting parts of the magazine and urged the buying of these stamps which will send health ships to many unfortunate victims of the white plague.

The entertainment for the afternoon was planned by Anne Hicks, chairman of the social committee, and consisted of the singing of the familiar carols around a gaily decorated Christmas tree. No proper Christmas tree lacks gifts and this one had a little surprise package for each member of the health club.

The next meeting of the club will be on the second Saturday of January, 1929.

LA GIVEN BY MANSION GIRLS

An outstanding social event of the last month was a tea given by a group of Mansion girls in room No. 0, of the Annex on Sunday night, November 4.

The room was artistically decorated with vases and baskets of yellow and white chrysanthemums and daisies. The quaint bridge lamp cast a soft glow over the room.

A delicious salad course and tea was served by Grace Whigham and Pauline Rigby.

The hostesses were: Delta Grant, Maude Stewart, Florence Cobb, and Carrie Frank Crute.

Those enjoying the affair were: Dorothy Cook, Elizabeth and Willena Fort, Margaret Hilderbrandt, Ruth Moore, Susie Lee Lawson, Vera Dell Brown, Gladys Hall, Virginia McLendon, Mable Beall, Ruth and Mary Johnson, Mrs. J. M. Bates, and Mrs. Effie Pierratt.

MISS BOLTON IS HOSTESS

Miss Euri Bell Bolton was hostess, Monday afternoon, December 10, at one of the first Christmas entertainments of the season. She received the members of her Bible Study Class, twenty-two Sophomores, in the parlor of the Darien Hotel at four o'clock.

As the opening feature of the afternoon's unique program, Grace Gregg and Catherine Jones, magicians, gave an interesting exhibition of their skill. Contests and short readings then furnished amusement, creating much fun and enthusiasm.

After an hour of merriment Miss Bolton led her guests into the dining room where the tables were decorated in the beautiful, vivid Christmas colors and in smilax. When refreshments had been served a lovely little Christmas tree which stood in the middle of the room, surrounded by gifts, and red bags of nuts and raisins became the center of attraction.

You should see the staff room. We've got some new draperies, and the desks are painted and the chairs are painted, and there's a new rug and a floor lamp and a lovely G. S. C. W. pillow, and oh, it even makes staff meetings pleasant! And talking about paint, the new Y. office is a good illustration. Isn't it fine? I went over to tell Miss Daughtry how pretty I thought it was, and she looked so attractive, sitting at her new desk, and she was such an interesting talker, that I forgot all about the purpose of my visit!

How about coffee? Real coffee, for breakfast, every morning! Isn't it grand? It had such an effect that one of the staff members got her copy in ahead of time!

Well, I've got to close and write to the dearest one and only. I hope Santa Claus will fill your stocking full, and that if you want a Buick Roadster, you get it.

Yours for a merry Christmas, JESSIE W. P. S. Weren't we happy to see Mary Jane? And Mary Jane's sister, who is almost as cute as Mary?

CAST OF HEALTH PLAY ENTER-TAINED

The members of the cast of the play given by the health club recently, were delightfully entertained last Saturday night by Mrs. Wootten and Mary Elliott. The Christmas decorations were beautiful and the games were suggestive of the approaching holiday season.

MISS STONE IS HOSTESS

Miss Ruth Stone entertained a number of the G. S. C. W. Alumnae at a spend-the-night party, during Home-Coming week. The guests included:

Misses Jessie Trawick, Lorine Teavener, Frances Thaxton, Eloise Green, Helen Greene, Otella Flemister, and Valetine Barron.

AROUND OUR CAMPUS

(By the G. S. C. W. Wayfarer)

Have you ever seen tempus fugit so rapidly? Can you realize that it has been three months since we came in on the Beauty Special, since we solemnly resolved to keep up with our notebooks and lessons? And isn't Christmas exciting? I just love holly and the crowds in the stores, and the lovely shop windows, and making out a Christmas list—oh, yes, and Mistletoe!

So many nice things have happened that once or twice I've almost forgotten about lessons and tests, and unpleasant things like that. And by the way, didja see where some brilliant somebody had written a book on "How To Get An Education and Go To School At The Same Time?" And somebody recommends the new book on "How To Study" they use it for a paper weight.

Gene McDonald and I wandered down to the tea room, the other day; she told me to be careful that I didn't scrape my chair on the floor. But I was so busy staring at the apple green furniture and the pink roses, and the pretty curtains, and the frilled apron that one of the waitresses had on, that I forgot all about Gene's warning. Marion Creel looked so business-like sitting at the desk that I determined to employ her if ever I decide to desert my pen and take up tea room management for a livelihood (Not that I've ever made so many pennies by my pen—or typewriter.)

Last Friday night, I sauntered over to Literary Guild meeting. Mary Ruby and I agreed that Aughy Oliver was "stunning looking" in a good-looking coat. Dot Park was sitting near her, and you know I've decided that Dot looks like Sue Carroll. Caroline says it's the way she does her hair which causes the resemblance, but whatever it is, even Carrie will have to agree that Sue oughta feel flattered.

It was amusing to see the expressions on the faces of the girls—wonder, disbelief, blank amazement, joy, ecstasy. But the mere varying expressions were not all that aroused mirth and possibly alarm. To a stranger, the wildly gesticulating, pointing, jumping, screaming, pushing girls were all insane but the girls were gloriously happy and thrilled.

Now, coffee in itself is certainly no eighth wonder so why the undue commotion—One Senior when expalming to a visitor, aptly summarized the whole uproarious tumult in this heartfelt outburst: "If you dreamed, planned, and cried for coffee up here for three years and had not had one drop in the diningroom in as many years and then in the fourth year walk into the diningroom and find a cup of black coffee—steaming and fragrant—awaiting you you would be quite excited and thrilled yourself—hurray for the great king COFFEE."

So you see coffee is king on the campus now. Installed with much enthusiasm, excitement and delight it is bound to be a success at G. S. C. W.

Now of course some girls over-do a good thing and try to drink a gallon of coffee each morning and are as a result, nervous wrecks all the rest of the day, but maybe when they have caught up with the three years they went without the famous beverage, they will be satisfied with just a cup or two daily.

The whole student-body wants to express their gratitude to Dr. Beeson for our daily "Morning Joy" Maxwell House—or whatever brand it is, it is

COFFEE SUPPER ENJOYED

Because of the new rule made, the usual hot tea was discarded and instead coffee was used as the beverage for the Sunday night feast in 411 Terrell B. Consequently, the guests of the feast declared it to be the most successful of the year. A delicious salad course consisting of pear salad, cream cheese and nut sandwiches, potato chips and olives was served by Caroline Cheney and Frances Christie. Those enjoying the feast were the following: Dorothy Park, Eugenia Scroggin, Aughy Oliver, Helen Cochran, Sara Bryant, Lilla Wood, Mary Bohannon, and the hostesses, Francis Christie and Caroline Cheney.



FEATURE PAGE

KATHRYN HARRIS, Editor



SPORTSMANSHIP

In this every day life of ours we students are judged by our fellow members of this college by what is known as sportsmanship.

The word sportsmanship means all that it implies. A sportsman does not necessarily engage in such activities as hunting and fishing in order to be named a true sportsman, but if he indulges in fair play he may be so named.

A true sportsman is never afraid to take a risk. He may lose out in the game, but he is a good loser, not sudden or morose. He may win, but he is not narrow or greedy. He is always willing to lend a helping hand.

In our school life we encounter sportsmanship every where. We Freshmen have been likened to sailors embarking upon the sea of life. During stormy weather we have hard times retaining our sportsmanships. In calm weather we have no difficulty at all.

In all our tasks and activities, no matter where we are, sportsmanship is found.

COFFEE AND HOW

Surprises come and surprises go, but there is one that remains and that is the new arrival on our campus—now we have had visitors before that have created a stir but none to equal this last and lasting one.

Friday morning, December 8, marked the arrival of this lasting surprise and the marvelous reception it received was more than a simple ceremony, it was an ovation, coming from girls who a moment before were not quite wide-awake when they beheld what—COFFEE, COFFEE, COFFEE—Thrills and Heart-throbs.

That is why Christmas is such joyous, gay season. To summarize the whole spirit of Christmas I would say that Christmas is like waking from a bad and horrible nightmare and finding one self safe—that is Christmas, overwhelming gladness and appreciation of life taking form in service for others.

CHRISTMAS

If any one event could make a person as hopelessly prosaic as I believe that there was such a thing as fairies, it would be the spirit of Christmas for although it does not produce fairies it does revolutionize human beings.

The very name Christmas thrills one. There is something magic, mysterious, and lovely-sounding in the word itself and certainly there must be something magical about Christmas for the wonderful things it accomplishes. It causes the rich to open up their pocketbooks, and generously give to the poor, it causes the poor to offer happy prayers of thankfulness, it causes the sick to, temporarily forget their ills and be happy—Christmas influences everyone from the negro cook to the idle rich and causes many a person to give thanks who ordinarily forgets even the word gratitude.

Why this outburst of thankfulness, generosity, happiness, and peace? Why has the Christmas season inspired this giving even when giving calls for great sacrificing?

It is because Christmas represents the best that people have to offer. We are remembering that another year of joy, of sorrow of disappointment, and of success has gone by. We have made friends and we want to show our appreciation and love. We want to show the world that we have not forgotten its kindness to us to have spared and aided us while less fortunate have failed to achieve their goal. We want to offer up prayers of Thanksgiving, of supplication and of love to our father. In fact, we want to shout from the housetops that "God in His Heaven, all's right with the world."

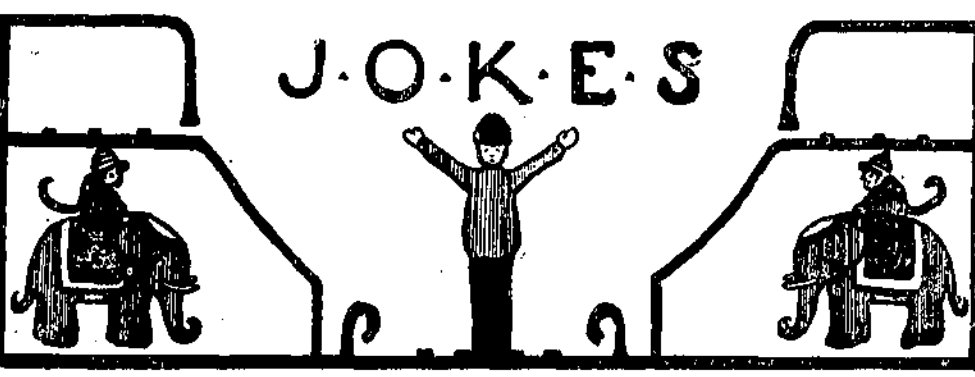
That is why Christmas is such joyous, gay season. To summarize the whole spirit of Christmas I would say that Christmas is like waking from a bad and horrible nightmare and finding one self safe—that is Christmas, overwhelming gladness and appreciation of life taking form in service for others.

A RAT'S POINT OF VIEW

A great confusion in the Auditorium Monday night during the process of an amusing comedy was caused by a very small, grey animal finding his way back to his hole in the wall. Of course, he meant no harm by straying out into the big wide world, and who wouldn't feel a bit hasty about getting away when the path was covered by big, black shoes belonging to the brown and white uniforms of G. S. C. W. girls.

The little creature began to make his way very cautiously over the first pair of shoes when a loud scream broke out behind him. And as he covered the floor with a faster speed and more confusion, he was followed by a louder scream and so many feet dangled in the air above him that he hurried into his home without waiting to find out the cause of the frightful screams of the pale faced girls.

Good coffee. May we be able to send our children and grandchildren to G. S. C. W. so they also can enjoy coffee here and be thrilled—but I am positive that they will never be as thrilled as we were over our first cup here.



Martha Tower: "Is that a boxer over there with a big chest?"

Mildred McCale: "No, that's a friend of mine who just got his fraternity pin."

Shirley: "Well, we have to hand Dr. Hays one thing."

Zou W.: "What's that?"

Shirley: "A theme every week."

The Agonistic.

"Next to a beautiful girl, what do you think is the most interesting thing in the world?"

"When I'm next to a beautiful girl I'm not worrying about statistics."

Virginia Reel.

The Reason Why

Willy—"I wonder why Mr. Jones says prayers before meals."

Nilly—"Have you ever seen his cook?"

There was an old toper of Luzon, Who had a most elegant buzon. Seven quarts of champagne So upset his dambragne That he got into bed with his shuzon.

Not Anxious

Visitor—"Are you anxious for your term to expire?"

Convict—"No; I'm in for life."

Little Mabel's hair was curly; Little Freddy woke up early; While Mabel slept, Fred, just for fun, Pulled every hair out, one by one!

FROM SODA TO SUCCESS

Now the proverbial advertisement may read this way "Have you had your iron today?" but that is not the way it is done at G. S. C. W. and we set the styles.

The style here, morning, noon, and night, is to ask your nearest neighbor "Have you had your soda today?" She will answer with either a sneeze and "No, but I am on my way to get it," or she will make an awful grimace and grimly and glumly say "Yes, I have just had my morning glass."

To the casual observer, this constant drinking of soda water, orange juice, and other cold preventives, would lead him into thinking that the whole student-body was under the influence of some soda and orange agent but, how far from the truth is this surmisal.

The simple truth, if you are ignorant, is this—Christmas is coming and influenza is trying to get here first and make us all sick but we have other plans, especially for the Christmas holidays. Now I must confess that while we have eagerly consented to take soda daily—it was due to the urgings of the matrons but we do appreciate their interest.

So while Soda may not be exactly palatable it is profitable—so here's to old bicarbonate of Soda, long may he live and prosper at G. S. C. W.

Ben Johnson invited a chorus-girl out after the show. "Ah," he said soulfully, "Drink to me only with thine eyes." Next day the coryphees' union boycotted Ben and resolved that he was a tightwad.

A certain amount of violence is an inevitable part of the human scene. But there's no use in stretching the measuring cup just because there is a 49c remnant at the other end of a bargain table.

Frenchmen are shocked at the barbaric custom of making a meal of hors-d'oeuvres. We aren't so sure that we wouldn't try it out on our neighbor's pup.

Teacher (to Sunday School class) "Now, boys, in placing your offerings on the plate, I want each to recite some appropriate verse."

Stephen (placing a penny on the plate): "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

John: "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Teacher: "Very good" (To the next boy, who is inclined to keep his penny) "Come, Thomas, why do you hesitate? Speak so all may hear."

Thomas (reluctantly): "A-a fool and his money are soon parted." Little Masterpieces.

Except in the matter of physical endurance on long distance flights, women are as capable in the air as men, declares Lady Heath. No, tongues were not mentioned.

FOOTBALL AT G. S. C. W.

G. S. C. W. has taken quite an interest in football during the season of 1928.

Although the game is not played by the college students, there has been much excitement over those games which have taken place in the College Auditorium.

The football field at G. S. C. W. is an indoor one and the games are played on Saturday night, always before a vast throng of spectators.

There is much cheering for the teams. Each play is watched with great interest and when a touchdown is made it really seems that the roof will leave the building.

You don't understand how there is room for the football field in the auditorium? Well, I'll explain. The whole thing takes place on the screen, and the players are only movie actors, and the outcome of the game is always determined before the kick-off but G. S. C. W. girls are just as excited as if it were real.

How does that psychologist who says pain is merely imaginary explain the demonstrable fact that when one sits on a tack he is too busy getting off of it for his imaginative faculties to function and yet it hurts like all git out.—Macon Telegraph.

THE LAMP WENT OUT

A chill wind was blowing; a slow white snow fell, covering Broadway with a frosted coverlet. The only persons present were the lamp post and the side walk—and they were a bit dazed.

"Oh," said the lamp post, "this sudden cold spell is getting next to me and cracking my paint."

"Cracking your paint?" mumbled the disgruntled sidewalk, with a sardonic smile, "What if your whole back was cracked as mine is? Why, in this cold weather, when it rains, water just trickles down the ridges in my back, and freezes me to death. I'm so much wider than you are; you shouldn't fuss."

"Well, who's fussing? We can't help this cold weather, but I do wish they would come turn out my lamp so I can go to sleep. The show is nearly over, and the folks can see by the car lights."

The snow fell steadily, and all was silent for a while, except for an occasional grunt from the sidewalk.

"Oh!" exclaimed the sidewalk, "What is this walking on my back? Oh! It just stumbles along ruffling my white coat and freezing me. If it takes another step, my poor back will break."

"Ho! Ho!" laughed the lamp post. "It's just another one coming home from a big night. Oh! He's coming this way. I'll keep quiet."

The sidewalk held his breath until he saw the man tottering toward the lamp post. Then he let out such an awful "guffaw" that he upset the man and threw him head-first into the lamp post's arms.

"Shay, Susie, there shu are. Where you been? Huh? I been standing out here by this tree in this sn waiting for you all morning. Shay, Susie do you shll love me? Do? You old two-timer, this ain't Bill. Thish ish Joe. Ho! Ho! Let's blow out this lamp and have a good time."

"(I wish he would," signed the lamp post, "and quit squeezing me so tight. I know I am going to break into pieces any minute.")

The poor unfortunate proceeded to blow and blow until he fell exhausted at the foot of the lamp post.

"Well, now, what are we going to do with this? He can't stay here on my feet all night, I've got to go home to the wife."

"I'm sure I don't know. If I were not so tired, I would walk him home for you, but you are so smart, I'll let you 'peel your own onion,' and I hope you get the juice in your eyes."

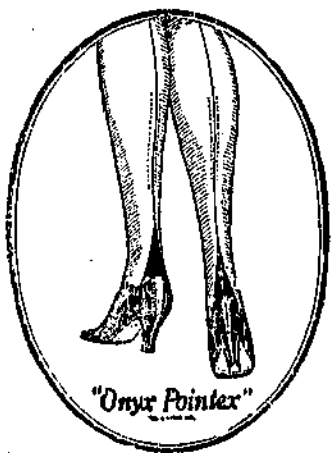
"Here comes his wife, looking for him, with two flat irons in her hands. What can we do with him? Ah; I have it."

And the lamp went out!

"State food budgets are to be put into the hands of hundreds of housekeepers so that they may know more definitely the amounts of various foods to conserve for home consumption." But why all this hula-balo about T. B.?

"Harold Brown is a graduate of Thomasville High School, where he took a high stand in his studies, and otherwise." We still claim that the old blackcap speller would win the brass button over any of these new fangled studies.

Special Sale of Ladies' Fine Silk Hose



SPECIAL SALE

Julius Kayser's Silk to the top. Slipper heel. All the new shades. Special price

\$1.95

E. E. Bell

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING AT CHANDLER'S. WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF CHRISTMAS GOODS.

Chandler's Variety Store

GET YOUR HOT DOGS AND DRINKS AT

HENDRICKSON'S SANDWICH STAND

QUICK SERVICE

COCOA MALT

MAKES A DELIGHTFUL AND HEATHFUL DRINK

SERVED HOT OR COLD 50c PER CAN

SHAKER FREE

BELL GROCERY COMPANY

Quality—Service—Price

263

Phones

498

WISHING THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS OF G. S. C. W.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

"Wootten's Book Store"

R. H. WOOTTEN

WELCOME G. S. C. W. ALUMNAE—

Keep up with Milledgeville and G. S. C. W., by Subscribing

to the Union Recorder while here

UNION RECORDER

100 Years Devotion to Public Interest

MISS WYGAL SENDS GREETING

(Continued from page 1)

love have attached to the little town students in my class; in the lecture room of the science professor; in the cruel need of the world and in my capacity to meet a part of that need. A Christmas greeting to you—"everyone."

WINNIFRED WYGAL,
Acting Executive National
Student Council.

THE CORINTHIAN

The Corinthian, the college Literary magazine made its first appearance about two years ago. From a suggestion made to the Literary Guild by Miss Winifred Crowell, the idea was developed, and the Guild decided to sponsor the literary magazine, known as The Corinthian.

Although the Literary Guild has sponsored The Corinthian, students in fields other than English have been urged to contribute material for the magazine, because it of course, belongs to the entire college.

The purpose of The Corinthian has always been to promote a high sense and appreciation of literary value, and to further the desire and talents for creative work, which have been discovered among the students.

Through the co-operation of the students and the helpful advice and suggestions of the faculty, The Corinthian has been enabled to grow. It is the desire of the staff and student body, to continue this development, ever striving toward the highest possible goal.

Heretofore, the material for The Corinthian has been the work of only those students who were on the campus. Realizing, however, the value of keeping in touch with the members of our past student bodies, this year an Alumnae section has been placed in The Corinthian, and it is felt that some interesting and valuable literary material may be contributed by our former students.

Students and alumnae don't wait to be called upon for material. Show your interest by contributing to The Corinthian!

MISS DAUGHTRY IS SPEAKER

Miss Annie Moore Daughtry was a delightful speaker at the meeting of the Young People's Missionary Society, Monday night. The organization is composed of town girls who attend the Methodist church. The meeting was held at the home of Dorothy Parks, with Mary Bell Gilstrap and Evelyn Wilson as joint hostesses.

Miss Daughtry gave, in her charming manner, an interpretation of the Christmas story, and read several interesting poems. Other features of the program were the reading by Martha Bass, and a beautiful violin solo by Dorothy Parks. Edith Ivey, President of the Society, presided and led the devotional.

Guests at this meeting also included the members of the Young Women's Association of the Baptist church. Miss Mary Burns is leader of the Y. W. A. and Mrs. W. E. Ireland is leader of the Missionary Society.

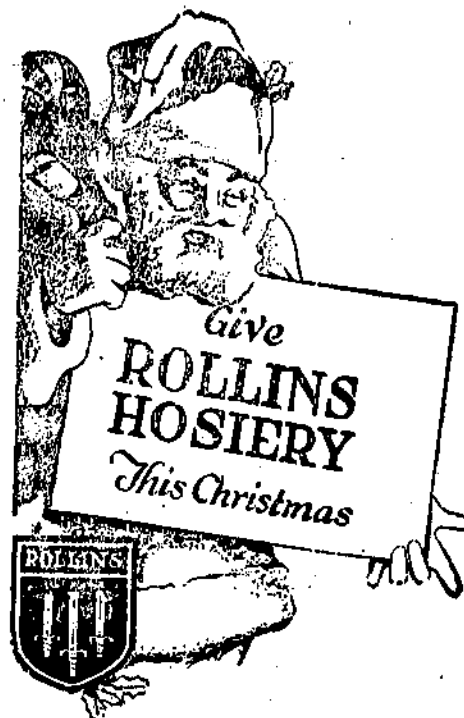
The squire's pretty daughter accompanied by the new curate, was examining the children of the village school.

"Now, children," she said, "can you tell me what a miracle is?" There was no answer for a moment, and she was about to repeat the question when a little maiden held up her hand.

"Well, Nellie," the squire's daughter said encouragingly, "tell the class what a miracle is."

"Please, miss," the little girl replied, "mother says it will be a miracle if you don't marry the curate!"—Yorkshire Post.

Christmas Greetings



Let us show you our new Holly Wagne Heel Hose. Black, Gunmetal and best fall colors at

—\$1.95—

Some in Rollin's Run-stop Hose.

\$1.50 and \$1.95—

Jay's Department Store

For Sale

Hartz Mts. Canaries. Imported Singers.

Fraley's Pharmacy

JEWELRY

HOLIDAY GOODS NOW ON DISPLAY. MAKE YOUR SELECTION EARLY, SMALL DOWN PAYMENT WILL HOLD THE ARTICLE FOR YOU.

J. C. Grant Company

Milledgeville, Georgia

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS WAS A JEWELRY CHRISTMAS; YOU CANNOT DO BETTER THAN TO MAKE THIS ONE OF LIKE CHARACTER.

Williams & Ritchie

JEWELERS,
Milledgeville, Ga.

ALUMNAE

Would you like to have every copy of The Colonnade?

Mail your Subscription to

THE COLONNADE

Milledgeville, Georgia

Good Sandwiches and Drinks

GULVER & KIDO DRUG CO.

QUICK SERVICE

PHONE 224-240